

(1)

# INSTRUCTIONS

FOR THE MONUMENT

OF

# WILLIAM

LORD VISCOUNT STAFFORD.

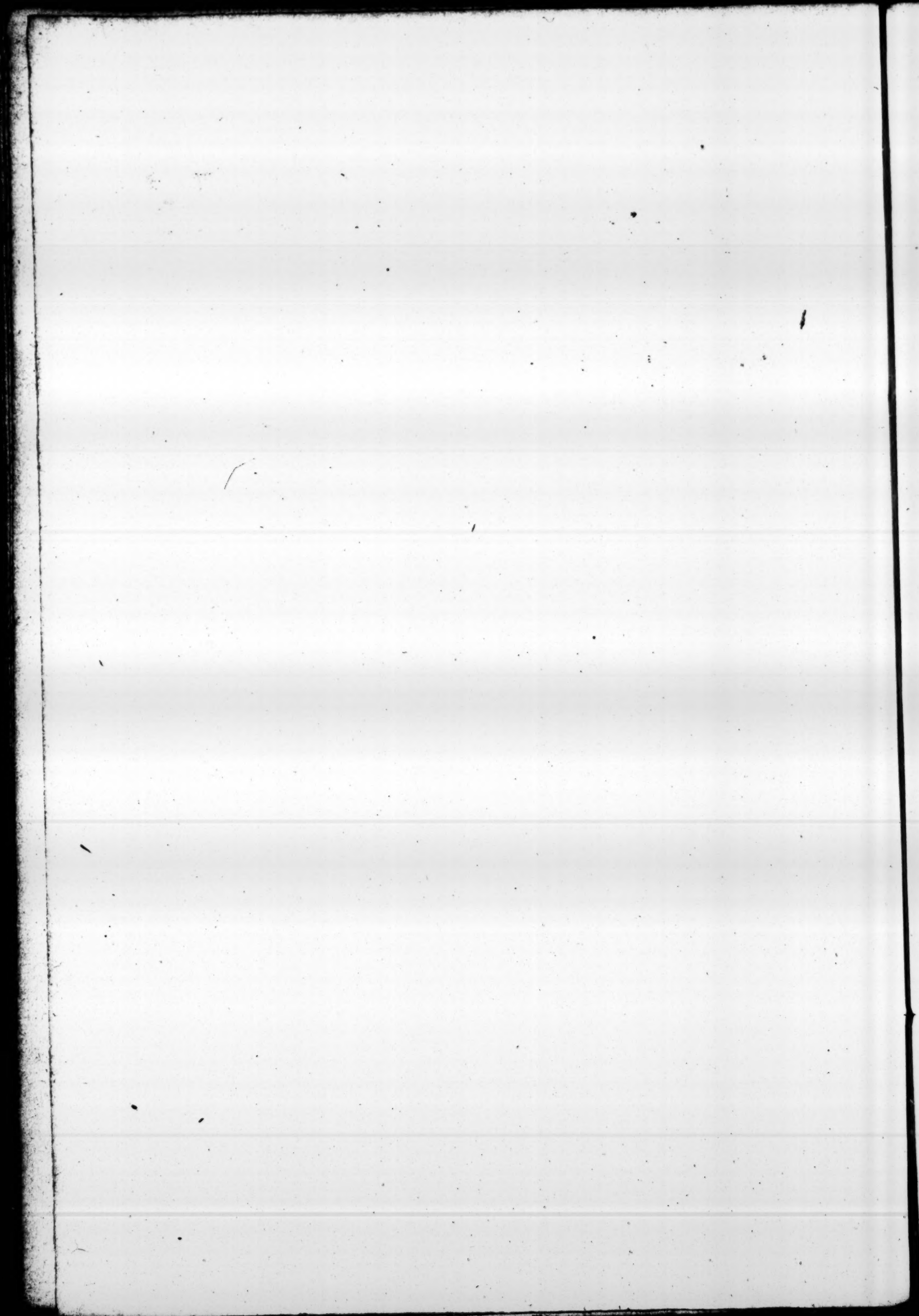
By the same hand.

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**B**Ring me a man, with animating strokes,  
 Whos pregnant Steel gives life to formles Rocks.  
 Stones in that Land must speak, where Men are grown  
 More hardend, more insensible, then stone.  
 Come *Phidias* then, and raise in Our false Isle  
 To Truth and Innocence a sacred Pile;  
 Marble and Brass are Elements too frail  
 From age to age these records to intail;  
 Some Metall should imploy thy powerfull Art  
 Harder then Pharo's, or our Judges heart.  
 From the deep Mines of Adamantine truth,  
 Bring forth materialls to out-live the tooth  
 Of eating Time, and gnawing Calumny,  
 Whilst Envy and her snakes drop off and dye;  
 And raise our Hero's monumental shrine,  
 Which the last fire shall burnish and refine,  
 When Earth's dissolv'd, and starrs no longer shine.  
 First let thy speaking marble boldly tell,  
 How the fiend *Perjury* arose from hell,

Call'd



Call'd up by Conjurati<sup>o</sup>n, and black art  
 Of state-magicians here to act his part;  
 Tell, when he first appear'd, and saw our light,  
 How frighted nature loth'd the gaitly sight.  
 Comets his eyes, curl'd Serpents were his haire,  
 Serpents, whose very hissings mortal are;  
 For 'tis this monsters property to wound  
 With darts of air, and murder with a iound.  
 Coucht in his lips a brood of Aspiks lay,  
 To all his words their venome theie convey:  
 His tongu's a two edg'd sword in Lawyer's hand  
 Whose double stroke no Innocence can stand;  
 His hands are gor'd with blood, like Vulturs claws }  
 The Engin of his murders are the Lavvs. }  
 Ah! holy Justice! Vindicate thy Cause;  
 No longer let this monster triumph thus,  
 And make thy sacred Courts his slaughter-house.  
 A belt he wore vvhere hell's Imbrodrers vvrought  
 The vvhole Romanza of the *Popish Plot*, }  
 A bunch of snakes made up the shoulder knot. }  
 Three miscreants there *Staly* to Juagment hall,  
 And I vvear him dead through a partition vvall,

For



For vvords, vvvhich *Scroggs* did learnedly declare  
 In mouths of *Papists* only Treason are.  
 Next of Tyfiphones ovvne hand is seen  
 Of Godfrey's death, the datke & bloody scene.  
 Too prodigall of life, the Knight is found  
 Dead on his sword, by an unnat'rall wound:  
 This our wise Senate providently thought,  
 Vigour & warmth would give, to their young Plot:  
 Could they by dint of oaths that murder joyne  
 As an appendix to their main designe.  
 A recompence, call it reward or bribe,  
 They strait proclaime to all the swearing Tribe.  
 A hungry profligat is quickly found,  
 The Bait to swallow of *five hundred pound*:  
 Orhers to charge, himself he guilty feign'd,  
 They lost their lives, and he a Pension gain'd.  
*Coleman* whos working braine and busy pen  
 Too fair a handle gave to perjur'd men,  
 Was next describ'd, run down by popular rage,  
 A sacrifice to that blood-thirsty age.  
*Whit-bread*, by vow to th' world already dead,  
 In the next scene is to the shambles led;

Vnjustly

Unjustly he and his, reproch't have been  
 By true King killers, as king killing men:  
 To the wild rabble in their raging fitt,  
 Five slaughter'd Jesuites are a Luscious-bit.  
 No pencill here the needle could out-doe,  
 Wher it in lively images does shew  
 Their panting bowells broyling on the fire,  
 Their quarter'd limbs, their Innocence intire.  
 Not *Langhorn's* law, *Pikring's* simplicity,  
*Groves* harmless life, could them from slaughter free,  
 Nor Miter'd *Plunker's* venerable age  
 The Epidemick thirst of blood aswage:  
 Not his known probity, unspotted life,  
 Could save him from the halter and the knife;  
 But he by heavens disposall rightly plac't,  
 In this Proceßion ( Bishop like ) comes last.  
 Thus the black sisters, Workwemen of hell,  
 Did all the mischiefs they inspire, fortell.

At the Belt's end a mighty Budgett hung,  
 Where Narratives and Informations throng,  
 Letters Commissions, numberles, were there,  
 Were there, for no where els did they appear,

All stuff't with treasons of the largest size,  
 Armys to raise, and in rebellion rise.  
 Citty and fleet to burn, destroy the King,  
 Under a foreign yoke our land to bring;  
 Those poison'd arrows ready for the day  
 Of battle, in Our Monsters quiver lay.

Such were his native Looks, and proper Arms,  
 But when he rang'd abroad, by stygian Charms  
 His shape was alter'd so to vulgar sight,  
 That now the fiend an Angel seem's of light.  
 Taught by experience, hells Divan conclude,  
 No shape could more successfully delude  
 Weak eyes, then what Geneva do's transmitt,  
 Half Jew, half Christian, and all Hypocrit.  
 Joyn'd to this masque of Zeal, he also took  
 Of Presbyterian Loyalty a Cloke,  
 Which safely covers hell its self, & draw's  
 The peopl's admiration and applause.

Curs'd be that loyalty, in stile submiss,  
 In action treas'nable, like Judas kifs;  
 That do's in humble phrase their soveraigne woo,  
 He'l graciously be pleas'd himself t' undoe,

Of



Of all Prerogatives to strip his Crown,  
 And for his safety's sake his Power lay down,  
 To quit his useless guards, that so he may  
 Gently become their, and the Rabble's prey:  
 If this deny'd, then the great Guns must roar  
 Of *Popish plots* and *arbitrary power*,  
 Then must his friends, his queen, his brother fall  
 A *Hecatomb* to Hypocritick gall.  
 Then must--The rest no prophet need's reveal,  
 Black *forty eight* do's that too sadly tell.

*Phidias*, it now thy boldest strokes will ask,  
 To trace this monster in his loyall mask:  
 How first he crept, who now so high do's soar,  
 And stole in at the cranny of a doore, \*  
 Like a young sinner, check't with doubt & fear,  
 Bashfull and timorous his beginnings were;  
 But silent awe did not restrain him long,  
 For soon the speechless Elf found out a tongue,  
 A Tongue, who to a mighty Statesmans Ear  
 With great success our Monster did prefer,  
 A Tongue, which now with *Dives* may recant  
 In vain, and *cooling drops* for ever want.

\* v. the E. of bantys' Case.

At

At first our statesman waver'd to and fro  
 Fearfull to hold him fast, or let him goe.  
 Under the masque of zeal, and loyall Cloke,  
 The *feind* beneath he easily could smoke;  
 But judging that his outward shape and dress  
 The Genius of the times would highly please,  
 At last he chose to intertain the Elf,  
 And let Poor naked Truth shift for her self,  
 Now did that other Monster lying Fame,  
 Her brother saint, the Nation round proclaime.  
 Soon every weak, and every factious breast  
 With this Internall spirit is possess'd,  
 Some with large swallow take his words all down,  
 And the Romance as a fifth Gospell owne;  
 Others their want of faith with noise supply,  
 And this Diana greet with lowdest cry.  
 All the *high places* of the land are stor'd  
 With *Altars*, where this *Molock* is ador'd;  
 In Church, in Court, in every Justice seat,  
 All it with Incense, and prostration greet;  
 This Idol's unclean worship prostitutes  
 The house of prayer, and prayer it self pollutes;



The very streets their *impious homage* pay,  
 And with *burnt offerings* convert night to day:  
 The inspir'd Rabble meaner victims scorn,  
 Monarchs and Popes must in Effigie burn:  
 T'is not the blood of beastes that will aswage  
 This all-devouring Molock's hungry rage,  
 In his Infernall Rites there's not allow'd  
 Any Libation but of human blood;  
 Victims and Temples at once feel the knife,  
 The living Temples of the God of life:  
 T'were well if *Bodies* did his rage suffice,  
*Souls* of a Nation are his sacrifice.

Thrice happy they! who with clean hands and heart,  
 Act in this Tragedy the Victim's part;  
 Who in white Robes follow their Chief, the Lamb,  
 In all his thorny paths of death and shame;  
 Who dying feel no other grief or pain,  
 But for the sins of those by whom they'r slain,  
 Who march the safest, and the shortest way  
 To bleffull Canaan through a purple sea.

Next, *Phidias*, thy recording steel must shew  
 The Monster joyn'd with his confederat Crew,

Scowring



Scowring our Coasts and rauaging the Land,  
 Our lots of life and death are in his hand.  
 'Tis blasphemy to speak against his plot,  
 They pass for Atheists who believe it not.  
 Thus with Religious rage the Mob is bent,  
 To dipp their hands in blood that's innocent!  
 Whilst the grave senators of either house  
 With solempne vote, the Monsters cause espouse;  
 In stead of grievances, Laws, and grand charter,  
 Their only work is now, hang, draw, and quarter;  
 As if the bottom of their voted plot  
*Consulted Intraiills* only could make out.

Thy Piece this generall slaughter may dispose  
 By lessening distance artfully to lose,  
 But in the front of the main work, thy hand  
 In solid brass must make our Hero stand;  
 Stand gloriously in his immortall shrine,  
 Which neither rust shall eat, nor age shall mine,  
 And shall out-live all but their guilt and hell,  
 By whose conspiring perjury he fell.  
 Yet to be just ( great soul ) we must allow,  
 Thou thy full glory to their crimes dost owe;

Less

Less to thy parents for illustrious birth,  
 (Which is a portion but of nobler earth )  
 Art thou in debt, than to the Monsters rage,  
 That made thee leave with heavens applaus our stage.  
 Staffords great name in old Records did sleep,  
 And Lay regardless in times common heap,  
 With dust and rubbish almost cover'd o're,  
 Thy setting sun it's lustre does restore.  
 When ever fair Astrea shews her face,  
 And slow-pac'd Truth shall factious rage displace,  
 It will be said of thy owne Norfolk Line,  
 Some by thy blood are stain'd, and some doe shine:  
 Old Time with just distinction will record,  
 Both the *not-guilty* and the *guilty* lord.

*Phidias*, to sacred Truth this work we vow,  
 Thy Chiz'l must no flattering touches know,  
 No common actions raise, nor faulty skreen,  
 Shew him but where the Hero does begin;  
 And yet the failings of our lives past race  
 Exalt the power and victory of grace.

There trace him first, when 'twas his happy fate  
 To be thought worthy of the monsters hate;

The



The surest mark of the Almighty's love  
 Is when the powers of hell against us move.  
 Shew him accus'd, imprison'd, and distress'd,  
 Then was he first for heavens Militia prest,  
 Then was he train'd and disciplin'd for war,  
 A war, in which the slain the Conquerors are;  
 Then did his mind true Liberty Possess,  
 His Body's seizure was his soul's release.

Next Lead him from the prison to the bar,  
 The place of combat, and the seat of war;  
 Bring him through all the barbarous noise and shout  
 Of an insulting and blood-thirsty rout,  
 Nearly ally'd in manners, cause, and cry,  
 To that old tribe which bellow'd *Crucify*;  
 But these harsh sounds were musick to his ear,  
 Whose Christian heart knew neither guilt nor fear.

In house of Lords, as in a Theater,  
 All England represented does appear;  
 Each in his rank his proper place does chuse,  
 The Peers to judge; the Commons to accuse,  
 Lawyers to plead, and witnesses to swear;  
 People to gaze, Ladys to see and hear;

But



But this assembly will hereafter know,  
 God and his Angells were spectators too.  
 With awfull pomp here Iustice seem'd inthron'd,  
 The sword she bore, the ballance was postpon'd.

Ah *Phidias*! had thy steel the force to raze  
 From fates eternal book those leaves of brasse,  
 This dismall scene of horreur wee'd expunge,  
 Which did in guilt of blood a Nation plunge:  
 For who false oaths industriously believe,  
 Their guilt ressemble, who stoln goods receive,  
 And are no more exempt from perjury,  
 Than from the crime of Theft the others free;  
 And by such easy faith when blood is spilt,  
 No formes of justice can wipe off the guilt,  
 What Cause in this corrupted age is try'd,  
 That ever wants an oath on either side?  
 Judges themselves hardly their way can see  
 Through the thick mist of frequent periury.  
 Shall oaths for lands and goods be layd aside,  
 And all receav'd when men for life are try'd?  
 Shall neither profit, malice, nor ill fame,  
 Nor counter proofs, stop this deuouring flame?

Must

Must then heavens judgments only make it known,  
How earth with blood and perjury does groan?

Now with lowd summons, signall of the war,  
The Cryer calls the prisoner to the bar;  
Some previous formes and skirmishes past o're  
The Charge begins, and the great Ord'nance roar,  
The Monster from his battery's rais'd on high  
A thundring peal of mortal oaths lets fly,  
Whilst from the Lawyers throats the fatal sound  
In lowd-repeating Echo's does rebound.

Since first the Monster touch't on English land,  
He, and some Gown men still went hand in hand,  
Who in a formidable league combin'd,  
Drive all before them, and run down mankind.  
T'is true, our Gospell and our Law reveal  
The ways to futur blifs, and present weal;  
But when ill Arts convert them to a Trade,  
They guard not but our happyness invade,  
As labouring men their hands, Cryers their Lungs,  
Porters their backs, Lawyers let out their tongues:  
But vilest is that hireling who abuses  
An honest Calling to destructive uses.



A tongue to Gain and Hire accustom'd long,  
 Grows quite insensible of Right and Wrong:  
 With these men True and False are Cross and Pile,  
 What profits most is only worth their while;  
 And some we know, whose tongues are no less gor'd  
 With blood of Innocents, than Herod's sword.  
 The breath of Lawyers, and the Peoples minds,  
 Are like the yielding Waves, and blustering Winds,  
 Each Mobile it's driver does obey,  
 Those tempests raise at land, as these at sea,  
 And so the Crowd, to whose discerning skill  
 The greatest noise is Demonstration still,  
 Second the Charge with humms and rude applause,  
 And on the Monsters side pre-judge the Cause.

Alas! of Peers themselves the high degree  
 From this contagious phrenzie was not free.  
 That generous blood, which noble veins does fill,  
 No Faction should inflame, no Fear should chill;  
 They in the highest *Region* plac'd, should know  
 None of those Popular Storms, which rage below:  
 They should with Serene mind, and courage bold,  
 And with impartial hand the Ballance hold.

But



But O ! there are, like heavens degraded Peers,  
 In our low Orb too many Lucifers,  
 Who will be represented in just story,  
 Falling at once from Duty & from Glory;  
 But still the fall of the Apostat Band  
 Adds to their lustre, who with firmnes stand.

Now Phideas, with some likeness to express  
 Our Hero, greater still in his distress,  
 Braving the Storms, standing the rudest Shock,  
 Thy work requires some thing more firm than Rock.  
 Of bloody slander who undaunted can  
 The deadly stroke endure, is more than Man:  
 Nothing of sublunary Growth, or Make,  
 Of that Immortall temper can partake;  
 Wee learn this Lesson only from that Chaire,  
 Where God and Man the joint Proffessors are;  
 No less a Master could make understood  
 A doctrine, so auerse to flesh and blood:  
 Thus taught, our Champion perfect in his Rol,  
 Did honour to his Master and his School;  
 For with such calme of mind, Air so serene,  
 As in white Innocence is only seen,

C

He

He saw his life by bloody oaths attack't,  
 And the dire Charge by a whole Nation back't;  
 He saw his Honour and himself run down  
 By horrid hellish crimes, but not his owne:  
 Their Crimes they only were, who swore them so,  
 And who those oaths too lightly did allow.  
 T'was not to find out Truth they thither came,  
 But like keen Huntsmen to run down their Games;  
 For which design all was so aptly squar'd,  
 Their takling and their tools so well prepar'd,  
 The Oaths were all so Positive and home,  
 That for the Lawyers skill they left no room;  
 These ran at ease, and hardly did blow for't,  
 For a false swearer never did swear short.

Our Pris'ner wanted not in his defence  
 Proofs of their guilt, and his owne innocence;  
 But greatest Innocence what can relieve,  
 All of a piece if Judge and Witness strive,  
 Which shall swear most, or which shall most believe?  
 When byass'd minds Faction or Fear do's fill,  
 They Judge not by their Reason, but their Will:

All



All on the Popular side they Gospell call,  
 And on the other, all's Apocryphal:  
 But heavy Judgments on those Judges ly,  
 Who use false Weights when life & Death they try,  
 And the deciding Ballance hold awry.

Now from the fatal Urn the Lots are cast,  
 Sentence of death is on our Hero past.  
 Some when they voted *guilty*, wept; but still  
 They did like Crocodils, both weep, and kill;  
 And the inhuman Verdict to disguise,  
 As Pilat wash'd his hands, they wash'd their eyes,  
 Worse at the Bar, than Block, at Westminster  
 Than at Tower hill, suffer'd our guiltless Peer;  
 'Twas here he dy'd but he was murder'd there.

With honour must those few remember'd be,  
 Who to this Baal would not bend a knee,  
 Who yielded not to factions swelling tide,  
 But follow'd Truth tho' on the weaker side.  
*Phideas*, in living Brass inscribe their name,  
 As some atonement of Our Nations shame;  
 Tell future times how manfully they stood,  
 And durst in such an Age as ours be good:



Thus of their Glory will they Work partake,  
 But of the Adverse part no mention make;  
 Heavens retributions will more fully tell,  
 Which did in Honour, which in Guilt excell.

The time is come for Divine power to shew,  
 When Nature is too weak, what Grace can doe.  
 No greater load on Innocence can ly,  
 Than for a Crime so infamous to dy;  
 And yet more unconcern'd then others give,  
 He did the sentence of his death receive;  
 Of all the Law inflict's, that only part  
 Which touch't his wife & children, touch't his heart;  
 Nothing but their undoing rais'd his fears,  
 His Death in them a Massacre appears.  
 But heavens Elixir can our sharpest pains  
 Convert to joy, to Liberty our Chains,  
 Can glory reap where Infamy is sow'n,  
 Turn death to life, our Cross into a Crown.  
 Thus in his Carriage none the marks could see  
 Of a defeat, but those of Victory:  
 He march't with such assurance from the Bar,  
 As conquering Generals from a prosp'rous war.

Some

Some friends like those of Job thought this a time  
 To work their ends, and make him owne the Crime  
 For which he stood condemn'd; that so at least  
 Once tho' but once, the *Plot* might be confest.  
 All that to human nature moving is,  
 Life, wealth, increase of honour, all is his,  
 Will he but owne the Accusation true  
 Against himself, involving others too.  
 Much they presum'd upon this well lay'd bait,  
 Since Nature on their side was advocat;  
 But when they all their Arguments had try'd,  
 He with a smile of pity thus reply'd:  
 No less my Age, than your Judiciall doome,  
 Shews me so neer at hand the world to come,  
 That 'twere a foolish bargain to redeeme,  
 With an eternall shame, my inch of time:  
 Rather than live by my owne perjury,  
 By that of others I shall gladly dy.  
 One would believe by all this mighty strife,  
 You value more your *Plot* then the Kings life;  
 Attempts on this you offer to forgive,  
 But no denyers of the *Plot* must live.

Nor



Nor Conscience, nor my Honour will dispence,  
 That I should murder my owne Innocence;  
 And rather than I falsly will expose  
 The lives of guiltless men, my owne I'll lose.  
 At this defeat of their successles art  
 Astonish't, and confounded, they depart.  
 But as to Christ, when to the Desert led,  
 The Tempter vanquisht, Angels did succeed;  
 So did Our Hero's soul, this combat past,  
 An earnest of heavens joys begin to tast.  
 He in this twilight between Life and death (breath:  
 Spent all his thoughts on God, in prayer spent all h  
 Full of the other world, all things below  
 Grew nauseous to him, and death seem'd too slow.  
 That Tragique scene to every eye but his,  
 That day of Guilt to some, to him of Bliss,  
 At last appears, and swarms of people crownd  
 The fatall Hill, for noble blood renown'd.  
 All different tempers here their pleasure find,  
 Some come vvith curious, some with bloody mind,  
 Those only in the strangeness of the sight,  
 These in his Blood and Butchery delight;



Poor Animals! how Savage, and how blind!  
 They want the sense, and Bowels of mankind.  
 And now to them, and him, the welcom hour  
 Summons our noble Pris'ner from the Tower.

As some East India Carack homeward bound,  
 Of Earths vast Globe haveing gone all the round,  
 Twice cut the line, and with bold Canvass run  
 Beyond the limits of it's Rivall sun,  
 Making it's native Port, the cheering Gale  
 With joy each heart, with wind fills every saile;  
 So does our Hero now from storms releast  
 Move to the scaffold, as his place of Rest.  
 'Tis the last favour heaven can him afford,  
 To tread the footsteps of his soveraigne Lord,  
 In whom live all his hopes, dy all his fears,  
 By whom Towerhill Mount Calvary appears.  
 On his great Leader, in this dying state,  
 He hopes in Glory, as in death, to wait:  
 And that his blood for crimes pretended spilt,  
 Of his true sins may cancell all the guilt.  
 The scaffold steps did Jacobs Ladder seem,  
 The scaffold was Eliah's chair to him;

And

And with more Joy he did resigne his breath,  
 Then other mortalls save themselves from death:  
 For those who took his life, was his last prayer,  
 And his last words his Innocence declare.

STAFFORD, farewell! may thy Pacifick blood,  
 Of Crimes and Judgments stop the raging flood,  
 Our blindness cure, and by a holy charme,  
 Of all its thunder angry heaven disarm!  
 In vain their guilt of blood some strive to skreen  
 By forms of Law, and oaths of perjur'd men;  
 What weak excuse, how slight these *fig-leaves* are,  
 Christ and his Martyrs, and King Charles declare;  
 The wicked strain the Law to serve the time,  
 A Legall murder is a double crime:  
 Judge on which side disputed Truth must ly,  
 All swear, these swear and live, those swear & dy.  
 In vain your *Babel* of a *Plot* you boast,  
 'Gainst heaven & Truth, your labour will be lost;  
 No *Mole* which *Blood* and *Perjury* Cement,  
 Your fanci'd *Roman Deluge* can prevent:  
 Already 'mongst the workmen, by just doom,  
 Of jarring tongues the old Confusion's come.

Heavens



Heavens Beacons lighted in a blazing star,  
 Too sure a signall of impending war.  
 This corrupt mass it self away must purge,  
 And all by turns, shall be each others scourge.  
 I wish Repentance may their eyes unseal  
 And from their hardn'd. hearts remove the steel  
 That so the Victims of their cruelty,  
 Like Martyrs blood, *pacifique hosts* may be:  
 God may for them mens dying pray'rs receive,  
 When they the words of dying men believe;  
 But if their hearts they more & more will harden,  
 For such malignity heaven has no pardon.

Now Phidiás, thy instructed chisel may  
 To the rude stones their proper formes convey.  
 His glorious Image better light will give  
 To make thy Labour and these Numbers live.  
 All other Heros of a lower rate  
 Owe to the Poets their immortall state;  
 That holding green they from the Laurel take,  
 Which does the freshness of their glory make;  
 But our high Theme this order does reverse,  
 For now the subject will imbalm the Verse,

D

Which



Which, as the shadow on the sun does wait  
Tracing its motions on the dial plate,  
Will justly, tho' obscurely, him relate;  
And in that noble office shall outlive  
These worst of times, and Time it self survive.

*FINIS.*